

Crestfallen: An angst

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Summary: He snatched his hoodie up from the floor, about to slide it on when the door was pushed open, heart stopping in his chest as the first thing Jack's eyes fell on was the bloodied blade on the sink. Blue eyes went from confused, to worried, to shocked and the boy's lips pried themselves open with immense effort, though Jack choked and no words came out.

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Blood ran down a petite blade of which its edge was sharper than a refined and polished sword. The drops oozed out of numerous cuts that plagued the arms of a boy whose eyes were green like summery grass. Those eyes held within them droplets of shimmering tears, illuminated by the lights above the bathroom mirror. It wasn't like this boy to cry, not at all. He was strong, always_ always_ hopeful, and returning to problems even after his solutions had failed, which, unfortunately, seemed to be so often. He streaked away the tears that slid down his cheeks, smearing droplets of blood along his cheek. He was beginning to become faint, pulling the handle of the cold water and laying his cut-ridden skin beneath the steady stream. The water in the sink swirled a dark pink and stained the white porcelain with its color.

A knock rapped lightly against the bathroom door made him blink weary eyelids open and shut, too lost in the pain tormenting his sorrowed heart and his shredded skin. Hiccup gave it a look and sighed, yanking a small towel down from the rack beside him and drying his arms hastily. After switching the water off, he stepped away from the door, and perched himself on the edge of the toilet seat, keeping his cuts wrapped up in the towel. A soft call followed his doing so. "Hey, Hic, can I come in? I heard you washing your hands so you're

probably doneâ€"

"Um, yeah. Sure," Hiccup gulped down a lump in his throat upon hearing Jack's kind voice from beyond the wooden barrier. He snatched his hoodie up from the floor, about to slide it on when the door was pushed open, heart stopping in his chest as the first thing Jack's eyes fell on was the bloodied blade on the sink. Blue eyes went from confused, to worried, to shocked and the boy's lips pried themselves open with immense effort, though Jack choked and no words came out. Hiccup held up his hands, about to explain everything away as he'd had to before, but his mind lost its recognition that the towel was wrapped around his arms. It fell just as the words slid like snakesâ€liesâ€from his mouth. "I can explain. It's not what it looks like."

"Yes, Hiccupâ€ Yes it isâ€" Jack reached out and touched one of Hiccup's handsâ€calloused from his work in wood and metal shop classes at their school. He slid it ever-so-gently down to his wrist, pulling it up and inspecting his arm with eyes weighted with sorrow. "Why?" He breathed through a pathetically choked voice.

"Iâ€" Hiccup went to say, and then stopped himself, swallowing his words and going to try again. There was blood still gracing his left cheek, turning dark and cold, and drying in the air. He looked off to the side and sniffled back his tears, rolling his eyes. "You know, I never thought you'd find out about this. But, umâ€"

Jack plucked the towel from the floor, soaking it with water in the sink before going closer to Hiccup and wiping away the blood from his freckled face. He gave a tilted smile, still saddened, but trying to reassure the other as best he could. "Heyâ€ It's okay. I'm a littleâ€scaredâ€for youâ€butâ€I've been thereâ€"

Hiccup glanced back due to the pace of Jack's voice and the trust in his tone, forehead creasing and eyes lifting a little, slowly, to look into Jack's own shining blue. "I'm notâ€good enough," He whispered, voice echoing though he hadn't meant it to in the tight area of the bathroom. "I'm never good enough."

Jack's smile tilted even more, though it did not fall and did not fail to give Hiccup at least a bit of reassurance. He lay the towel down in the sink and cupped Hiccup's cheek in both of his hands, leaning down to peck his forehead with cold lips. "You're good enough for me, Hic. Isn't one person enough?"

"Well, yeah, I guess, butâ€" Hiccup went to pull away, feeling the closeness unnecessary and unnerving, as though Jack's eyes could pull out his emotions and lay them on the tile floor to examine.

"No buts." Jack held him a small amount tighter so that Hiccup could not hide from him, kissing here and there in a tiny path to his lips. Once he reached them, he pressed his to them and closed his eyes, pushing all of his love into that gestureâ€however minor of a thing it was. Hiccup's brows knitted and he shook his head quickly, shoving Jack gently away from him. "Hey, hey, hey."

"I just don't want you to think that I'm weak." Hiccup murmured to him with green eyes closed, blocking Jack from looking into the embodiment of his soulâ€or as it had been called before. The blue-eyed boy stood and grasped his hand, taking it to his lips to

lay a kiss. He reached above him to the medicine cabinet and pulled from it large bandages and gauze, placing both on the rim of the sink.

"You are not weak." Jack said firmly, locking eyes with Hiccup once and then retrieving a wide bandage from the box. He peeled back the thin paper layers and gestured for the other to hold out his arm with a lift of his nose at it. Jack positioned the bandage on as many cuts as he could and then patted it down gingerly. A full smile tugged on his lips, calling forth a relieved sigh from Hiccup's. "And I love you."

Hiccup swallowed down the walls that he had built around himself and smiled back weakly, while Jack laid enough bandages to cover every cut on both arms twice. Then, Jack delicately bound his arms in the gauze, tucking the ends in so they would stay all wrapped up. And finally, he brought each in turn to his lips to heal them with kisses.

"I love you too!" Hiccup whispered so softly that it wouldn't have been heard, except that Jack was close enough to hear the faint breath. Blue eyes flickered to green and Jack surged forward into a fervent lock of lips that pulled a gasp from Hiccup. Said boy rested his arms over Jack's shoulders and kissed him back carefully, trying to breathe amidst the kiss of his salvation.

End
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